

PASTONIANS
ANONYMOUS.

JULY 1964

EDITORIAL

"Fools are my theme, let satire be my song"
Lord Byron.

In this we present our view of the school & its everyday workings; the ridiculous, the inefficient, the even corrupt - all come under our scrutiny, and if we seem harsh in our criticism it is because we feel that severity is necessary. We are not merely "poking fun" at the school and its administration, but trying to indicate in a light-hearted manner some areas in which a great deal of improvement could be made. Behind our laughter is a proper desire that the faults which we show should be rectified, and a wish that this school might become as great as that mythical one which educated Nelson.

So much of this establishment seems trivial and petty that our offering may look to be no more than a trifling mockery, but we present it to you seriously and hopefully, with the intention that certain persons might recognise their faults and strive towards improvement.

We are leaving now, but we hope that our efforts will influence those who remain and convince them of the need to halt the school in its backward movement, fast becoming nothing but a shallow mockery itself.

The Editors wish to announce a change of address: In future all correspondence should be sent c/o King's Arms and not c/o Black Swan.

NORTH WALSHAM RADIO by Seamus O'Hantham-Grill

One of this year's most exciting ventures was the setting-up of a local pirate radio station in the Dark Room. A team of three Disc Jockeys from the Upper Sixth underwent a number of gruelling courses before beginning transmissions and by Open Day had all acquired excellent mid-Atlantic accents.

The first week's programmes included morning prayers relayed from the dining hall, an interview with the visitor on Sports Day, "This Is Your Life" on Mr. Watson, recorded highlights from periods with the Headmaster; but perhaps the high-spot of the week was a production of "Candid Microphone" in which we heard a discussion in the Staff Room about term reports, an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Berney Library, the Upper Sixth English set in a game of Ombre, the opening of thalidomide tins.

A popular feature was "Duck Discussion Group" in which a number of Upper Sixth Formers discussed world problems over a pint. Unfortunately this series had to end suddenly during the Spring Term.

A number of members of the staff contributed items. "Motoring Hints" with B.A. ("Stirling") Beckett and F.B. ("Thunderbird") Pointer proved very popular as did Mr. Armand Ridley's talks on Africa and his series "Sanitary Habits Around the Globe."

SMALL ADS

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FROM NORTH WALSHAM WITH LUV

Another saga in the life of Basildon Bond

It was going to be another of those days, thought Bond as he stretched himself languidly. It was after 9.00 a.m. So the bomb he had dismantled the night before had only been his alarm clock after all. By his side Tatiana slept on, her golden tresses spread over the pillow.

Bond whispered in her ear: "Wake up, my dear."

There was no sound except for the boys singing in morning assembly. I suppose M is taking assembly again, he mused, connecting up Tatiana's hearing-aid. "Wake up," he bellowed again.

Carefully drawing back the bedroom curtains he watched the boys coming out of assembly. He smiled, thinking how little they knew that the anti-tank gun by his side could have picked off any one of them. Not even the masters were safe. Not since he had tricked Mr. Tyler into over-ordering the arsenic. But perhaps his best coup had been to get those three rifles from the armoury by saying they had been lost at army camp. He now had one levelled at each door of the Blarney Library, which he controlled by means of closed-circuit television from his study. All those caught were at once taken to the Rabbit Hutch, from which no-one had ever escaped.

He walked to his study through his private study room, thus forcing the Sixth Form to pay homage and treading on a number of first-formers who forgot to touch their forelocks in their confusion. On the way up to his study he made a mental note of all the things which he must forget to tell Mr. Whoredom that day. It was getting harder and harder, he reflected sadly; only yesterday he had found out about his plan to move the school library into the Biology Lab. It was that blasted Laughing Boy who had smelt a rat; it was no good, he'd have to go - might accuse him of

embezzling Dawson-Turner Society funds.

In her office Miss Money Penny was steaming the unfranked stamps from off the day's mail. There was a dull thud as one of Bond's size sixteens caught her in the small of the back. She swivelled round. "Darling," she cried as Bond carried her into his office. There, he slit her dress down the middle with his paper-knife with the built-in tape-recorder. He carefully locked the doors and disconnected the intercom which linked him with the kitchen.

At 11.30 precisely Lieut. Bryant brought him his cup of tea (one part tea, one part milk, three parts water, 20 parts hormone tablets, 50 parts whisky) & he drank it while listening to a "Music While You Work" programme which he was recording to use in a Sixth Form RI period: "Sex- sacred or profane?"

Immediately after break he had to deal with four first-formers who were running an opium ring. It was going to be a tough case, Bond knew that, but only last week he had dealt with The Herd of Ramraging Bullocks by spraying the lawn with cow-scented sprays. The bullocks had all laid down to mate with the grass and he had picked them off one by one with his anti-aircraft gun; then there was the time he had found that the boarders were using the tops of Smartie tubes to get into the toilets. He had solved that by taking all the doors off the toilets and by substituting an outside door with no slot-machine.

Bond flicked the dust off his gunmetal Osmiroid pen when the phone rang. It was C.

"Daddy, could you come and pick me up from school today. I've got to be at the pony club by 5.00".

Bond smiled to himself. The pony club was run by a certain Bucket, a well-known racing driver and SMUSH agent. Bond put the receiver down and buzzed Miss Money Penny. "Have Wotsun tail Bucket on his bike after school, will you?" It was 11.52 by the watch concealed in his bullet-proof cufflink; Bond put a new tape into his paperknife.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Bond after giving the situation a minute's thought. Mr. Andy Mice-Spicer shepherded in the first-formers. Bond blinked. They were all girls.

"How long have we had girls in this school, Mr. Mice-Spicer?"

"Three years, sir."

"Thank you, just so that I know." Already Bond had realised that this was another of SMUSH'S deadly plans. Each was wearing a yellow teddy-bear.

Suddenly it all came to him. Bucket was running a SMUSH brothel in the dark room. He buzzed Miss Money Penny. "Get Bryant to tail Watson, will you?" His secretary breathed her assent into the phone & Bond drove down to the physics lab in his land rover, the smell of garlic still ringing in his ears.

Inside, he found Bucket, Watson, C and William William-Williams. On the floor stood a pile of yellow teddy-bears. So that was it! They were setting up a factory to make yellow teddy-bears! Bond quickly clinched the matter and the next day his "Call-girls Inc" merged with "The Bucket Manufacturing Co.Ltd." just in time to announce it at the school's annual Shareholders' Meeting.

INTER-GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS

Our reporter spent the day fruit-picking.

THE DAWSON-TURNER SOCIETY

During the past year, with the guidance and encouragement of the Headmaster and Mr. Coward the Dawson-Turner Society didn't, wasn't and hasn't.

HOW THE IRON PORTAL CAME TO BE CLOSED

Listen closely, O Best Beloved, and you will learn how, in the High and Far-Off times, when the world was Shiny-New, all the great cults of the earth, word-called Relly Jonns, had Great Dispute over what should be the Worshipped Thing. And the Greezi-Wogs said the Porky-Pig should be the Worshipped Thing, and the Bluddi-Wogs said the Horny-Cow should be the Worshipped Thing, and the Sacrificing Ztecs said the O Great Sun should be the Worshipped Thing. And the Great Dispute went on for many moons. But far away from all this, Best Beloved, was a Closed Community, and nobody outside could see what was going on in it. And learn that this was the time of the Aaow-'Kenn Dynasty, and the people worshipped Grass. Only not just any Grass, mark, but one Eggy-Oval plot of it, and this was the Worshipped Thing, and it was Sacred. And the Lord-and-Ruler of this Closed Community, in the days of the Aaow-'Kenn Dynasty, was one called The Great OAF, and he decreed that no-one was to defile the Eggy-Oval Grass with the Chisel-Shoes, or the Ah me! boots. And no-one was to step on the Eggy-Oval plot because he Was-Not-Worthy, but only the Little Snuffly Dogs could go on it, and the Kath-ah-reen.

And The Great OAF said that the Worshipped Thing should be revered, and must be soaked with water and have its body shaved constantly, and a Person-Of-Lower-Order could tread on the Eggy-Oval plot to perform this Sacred Rite. All feared his word, O Best Beloved, and durst not step on the Worshipped Thing, for fear the Old Dragon which guarded it should breathe fire on them. But one day, Beloved, the Iron Portal was left undone, and great herds of Horny-Cows (which the Bluddi-Wogs call Sacred) came and rampaged all over the Eggy-Oval, and ate the Worshipped Thing., and left great

got Holes in their wake. And the Old Dragon
breathed fire, and The Great OAF wept, and
gore his hair which hung long over his Ceremonial
Dirty Collar, and decreed that always should the
Iron Portal be closed when the Horny-Cows are on the
loose.

And thus it came, O Best Beloved, that every week
when the Horny-Cows (which the Bluddi-Woggs call
Sacred) are on the loose, the Iron Portal is shut,
and the Closed Community worships the Eggy-Oval
Grass in peace.

A reminder about "The Pastonian"

"We have never been so disgusted" wrote three
readers of last year's issue. Well, this year's
is even worse! Photo-feature spotlights "Topless
resses in North Walls-Am". GVC exposes the High
School call-girl racket, and other articles include
"What happens to tuck-shop profits" and "Tennis
colours - myth or legend?" New features include a
report from the Badminton Club, an inside look at
the new secret changing-rooms and the exciting story
of how FEH forced his way into the Berney Library.
All in the new issue out next decade - 11 guineas,
HP. terms available.

BADMINTON CLUB

Members of the club have chosen as their theme-tune
"Two Lovely Black Lines." They wish to thank the
Headmaster for his help and encouragement over the
past season.

Thought for the week:
What makes bulls sweat? Tight jerseys.

ENTRANCE TO THE SIXTH FORM

It has come to the notice of the members of the Upper School that in future a boy will not be accepted into the sixth form until he has reached a reasonable standard in the following subjects:- (A simple basic knowledge of selling raffle tickets is assumed)

1. Candidates will be expected to be able to read & write. A hand-writing competition is being contemplated.
2. Dog-handling. This includes welfare of the animal and emphasis is laid on the house-trained pet.
3. Advertising. A wide field is included in this subject. Candidates will be expected to blow their own trumpet, and to write jingles for Osmiroid pens
4. Acting. A complete play is to be learnt. The set work for the '64 season is Shaw's "St. Joan" (for presentation about 1968)
5. Leadership. For this exam candidates will be known as cadets. Previous ability is needed, but no new knowledge is acquired.
6. Cup-making and electro-plating. This is a new subject designed to cover the increasing needs of the community

RULES FOR ENTRY

1. Communicating with boarders is not allowed
2. Christian names will not be used ("Public schoolboys just don't do that sort of thing")
3. Candidates who have had relations at Speech Day are exempt from rules 1 and 2. Those who have let their parents come to one or more Open Days are certified as insane.

NEWS AND FEATURES

The captain of the First Cricket XI last night denied allegations that members of the team had accepted bribes during the season. Speaking from his yacht in the Mediterranean he said that he would particularly like to thank all who had helped to make this season the worst ever, especially Sir Donald Marshall for his "unstinting support".

North Walsham CID are investigating a suspected burglary at the Paston School. The P.T. master, Mr. Stannard was being held last night after a new tape-measure was found in his possession.

The re-dedication of the school noticeboard is to take place next term, when the Bishop of Norwich will be present. The school choir will sing a medley of hymn hits under the direction of Mr. Pointer. They will be accompanied by Mr. Beckett on the bagpipes.

An alleged attempt by D. Shepherd to enter the Boot Lobby was immediately fought off by Mrs. Marshall on Friday who contended, under cross-examination, that he was $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way into territorial waters. An attempt to address a boarder as Chris. finally clinched the matter & resulted in six cricketers being taken to the King's Lynn trial match by the land rover belonging to the Cadet Section, chauffeured by Under Officer Halfacre. An attempt to look after the cricketers by Seamus O'Hantham-Grill was seen as shirking his responsibilities and he was promptly gaitered.

Rumours that normal RI periods would be resumed next year have been hotly denied by His Holiness. "I have never yet," he told our reporter, "brought religion into my RI classes and I can see no reason to so contaminate them at this stage."

SMALL AD.

Contributions urgently required by Editor of the Pastonian: they should praise at least one school institution.

Following this year's outstandingly successful sixth form course of which Mr. Boredom said: "Well, it's nice to be told what's going on", the timetables for the Upper School were revised, so that in theory the Vth form worked the L Vith time-table and the L Vith the Upper Vith one. This made the Upper Sixth redundant, so they played cards and drank coffee.

It was perhaps one of the best ideas this year, for in effect it paralysed the workings of the Upper School. The first that the Upper Vith heard of it was when Mr. Boredom told them on Monday morning: "I just don't know what's going on." The Headmaster was not available for comment. It was later disclosed that he had spent the day fruit-picking.

We understand that R. Rumsey is to form a Floral & Rambling Society with the purpose of exploring the wonders of nature. We wish him many a successful expedition as he travels over pastures new.

SMALL ADS

Shocking! Revealing! Guaranteed to make you blush! Full of "those sort of photographs", with a number of revealing articles. What has the Dawson-Turner Society done this year? Who is the mysterious FRET? Where did the school notice-board go? These are just a few of the articles in this year's issued of "The Pastonian" (Only 11 guineas a copy) YOUR copy can be sent under a plain cover to your personal address. Contact North Walsham 007

FOR SALE: Marsh-House Tennis Cup. Almost new. Offers?

PUZZLE CORNER

Arrange artists and recordings in correct order and send your entry together with three bottle tops from Scott's Emulsion to the Upper Sixth. Prizes include an Osmiroid pen, a dinner for two in the boarding house, and two tickets for "St. Joan."

1 KNM	A If I Had A Hammer
2 JJA	B Roll Over Beethoven
3 PJW	C Green Onions
4 GOS	D When It's Sleepy Time Down South
5 NP	E There Was A Soldier
	F Johnny B Goode
6 CPS	G I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
	H Here I Go Again
7 RS	I King B
8 WJC	J African Waltz
9 FBP	K Greenfinger
10 RR	L Road Hog
11 WVC	M Harvest of Love
12 PHM	N Cumberland Gap
13 RIR	O Long Tall Shorty
14 FEH	P 5.4.3.2.1.!
15 PDH	Q I'm a Hog for You
16 CLT	R Don't Let The Rain Come Down
17 MR	S I Know Where I'm Going
18 RKH	T Smokestack Lightning
19 DAB	
20 BAB	

What are the next recordings of these masters going to be? HGH, GL, GVC.

Answers to first part on page 14

THE TRIAL OF SAMUEL WRECKIT

The courtroom was full when Wreckit took the stand. First, the judge ascertained that the accused had been driving for seven years (since he was four), then the cross-examination began.

The prosecuting counsel, Merry Pason, established that Wreckit had been carrying a load of gooseberry bushes and garden implements. On further cross-examination Pason established that Wreckit had been driving a car at the time of a collision between it and that driven by an escaped neurotic. However, the judge dismissed this last piece of evidence as circumstantial.

Pason then questioned the defendant as to why he should have gooseberry bushes in his boot. Wreckit explained that one of his shoes being two sizes too large, he had enough room for his foot (Being two sizes too small), as well as several gooseberry bushes. Pason, then question him about the purchase of the garden implements - a rusty nail file, two bent nails and a wax effigy of a large man carrying a tape recorder. Wreckit was suddenly reduced to tears but would not speak. However, at this point, a tall blonde man (who always appears on such occasions) and a fiery man with a red moustache entered the courthouse. The latter shouted to Wreckit that he had told everything and the game was up. Wreckit then started to tell the story of how he and his fellow workers had held black magic sessions in the dark room. He told of the secret dinnertime jazz sessions and of how he had bought off a number of sixth-formers by giving them free access to the methylated spirits.

Wreckit was acquitted by reason of his failing health and innocent, child-like face, and is now perhaps practising his barbaric rites in some quiet changing-room behind locked doors.

A few quotations

Horace on Announcements in Morning Assembly:

Brevis esse laboro

Obscurus fio

(It is when I struggle to be brief that I become obscure)

Epitaph on an English master:

"Nobody tells me anything" (John Galsworthy)

"I wish it, I command it. Let my will take the place of reason" - Juvenal. No comment

Gem from "The Pastonian":

"Finally, I would like to wish my successor the very best of luck." (Appeared 10 times in the last issue)

An entrance ticket to the new changing-rooms will be given to the first person to answer this question correctly: Why do squirrels swim on their backs?

Answers to problem on page 12:

1-E; 2-T; 3-D; 4-C; 5-S; 6-K; 7-O; 8-F; 9-B; 10-A;
11-N; 12-P; 13-J; 14-I; 15-H; 16-G; 17-M; 18-Q;
19-R; 20-L;

THE GREAT TUCKSHOP ROBBERY

A number of empty Waggon Wheel packets, thought to be those stolen from the Paston School Tuckshop, were found by police on Friday in a Biblical book in the Berney Library. "It was a good hiding-place", said Chief-Inspector Cowyard, "no-one ever uses these books. Also, the library is just the sort of place they could use for a hide-out: secluded, private, well-guarded, and hardly ever visited. We reckon we have got them this time - they all look the criminal type and we found one of them in possession of a paper-knife."

To The Editor, The Pastonian
Dear Sir,

I am writing to say how pleased I am to see how the school has progressed during the past year. I was particularly pleased to notice with what speed the new Science Block is going up, though I must confess that I could scarcely believe the press report that it would be finished as soon as 1968. Really! Wasn't that an error for 1978? Or 1988?

I would like you to know how fully I applaud the decision not to put doors on the lavatories, but I thought that it was a very retrograde step to open the swimming pool this year; next thing you'll be having clean water in it. PT masters should be put in their place - don't let them get away with it. In my day we didn't pander to boys like that, we let them know that we were in charge. I trust this disgraceful incident will not be allowed to set a trend.

Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) Michael Tylles.

INTERIOR DECORATING: GO GAY THIS YEAR by
Katie Ponsonby-Smith

(All Rs read as Ws)

I think one of the best ideas this year was one which my parents used to redecorate their private sitting-room. Of course, it did inconvenience us - what with painters climbing in and out of the windows - but then I suppose one must put up with the whims of the working-classes.

When we had our study room redone we decided to go all realistic - and that. Unfortunately couldn't have all we wanted - I mean Daddy said that he was sure that even dear, kind-hearted M Ralphs wouldn't pay out for real seaweed twice weekly or buy any ivy-spawn for the walls; and Mummy did so want a chandelier.

Of course, again, it was frightfully incor-

ient - I mean, Daddy and Miss Sprat having to climb past all those wretched books - it's a bit much, after all, whose house is this?

THE SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF "ST. JOAN"

This year's school production was generally accounted to be the most successful by far under the present regime. The standard attained was praised by The Times Drama Critic and one member of the staff said after the opening night: "Exquisite - I'm sure I've never seen anything like it." Another said: "I'm sure I never saw anything."

Incidental music during the first interval was provided by the 60-piece orchestra which included Mr. Ridley on the African blow-pipe. The second interval was filled with adverts for Osmiroid pens (the Headmaster and Mrs. Marshall doing a song-and-dance act).

A number of boys gave extremely good performances. A Halfacre gave a surprisingly good performance in the title-role, which was only slightly marred on the last night when he arrived late and had to play the first act in boots and gaiters. He was perhaps the best female we have had for years.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Beckett for the lighting, Mrs. Marshall for the padding & the Headmaster who produced the play, as well as playing The Dauphin and conducting the orchestra.

I think that all who saw the play will never forget it, and let us hope that next year's achievement will be equally concrete and tangible.

DRAMA SOCIETY

Attempts to form a drama society in the winter term were thwarted and the idea was dropped.

THE SIXTH FORM COURSE

The listlessness following "A" Level exams was accentuated by the Upper Sixth Course, which this year was on the subject of "Voluntary Service - sacred or profane?"

The course began with an introductory talk by Orator Mars-Hall, which proved so stimulating that half the form went out next day and did some voluntary fruit-picking. In the afternoon no-one spoke to us, closely followed by a talk from a fireman cunningly disguised as a civilian.

Tuesday saw us back in the VIth form room listening to another introductory talk from Orator Mars-Hall in answer to popular demand. In the afternoon the Youth Employment Officer gave a talk on what sort of unemployment we should look for when we leave school-university/Borstal.

On Wednesday the Upper VIth was transported by a land-hoover kindly lent by Mrs. Mars-Hall to nearby North Wals-Ham to see the changing of the guard outside the Berney Library. A number of boarders took this welcome opportunity to visit real toilets and manifested surprise at the sight of doors on them. In the afternoon Mrs. Mars-Hall gave a talk on Mr. Marshall and the vote of thanks was proposed by the headmaster. Other people who gave interesting, informative, stimulating, exciting, witty but unintelligible talks were a policeman disguised as a vicar, and Mrs. Port-hole (the sailor's friend). Finally, the series was brought to a close by another introductory talk by a well-known headmaster on a subject dear to his heart - himself.

I think all the sixth form appreciated this opportunity to see off the effects of "A" Levels and certain papers, and we wish our condolences to next year's Upper Sixth.

ANNO DOMINI '64

As we know this year to be
Is a year that we will ne'er forget -
The year they set us free!
Sir William Paston I'm sore afraid
A bigger booge he never made
Than to found this school.
Farewell then reverend KNM
With not one tear or stammer
I take with me my GCE
AWAY from Paston Grammar

Refrain (please!)

We do, of course, appreciate
That great blokes have been here
Their names are carved on desks and bricks
And ne'er shall disappear.
But please don't yawn as at last we claim
A Mr. H. Nelson who's quite the same
For he is our loudest boast.
He had one eye, he had one arm
We dig him up each year
And what he learnt at the Paston School
He forgot quite soon, I fear.

There have been those before who tried
To spoil our school's good name
By visiting the Dirty Duck
And smoking on the train;
And every day a new one's born
To make quite sure the school is torn
With immorality.
Well, we have tried to stop the rot
In all we did and said;
For those who stay we'll kneel and pray,
Next time we go to bed.

Refrain (please!)

VALETE

Vico, Wot and Bwana - we wish them all a long and happy retirement.

Mr. P. D. Havercroft

We feel sure the whole school joins with us in sending best wishes to Doker. We hope you get well very soon so that you may return and be bouncing amongst us once more.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

P.I.W. for unwittingly providing us with advice; "The Tumbler Wheel" for accommodation; pens by Osmiroid; cigarettes by Sobrani; beer by Steward & Patteson. Our thanks to all who contributed material, money and time; and "finally, we wish the best of luck to our successors."

Parting thought from Job, chapter 19:
My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct,
the graves are ready for me

Any reference to any living person is
entirely unintentional

Produced by members of the Upper Sixth
Proceeds to OXFAM